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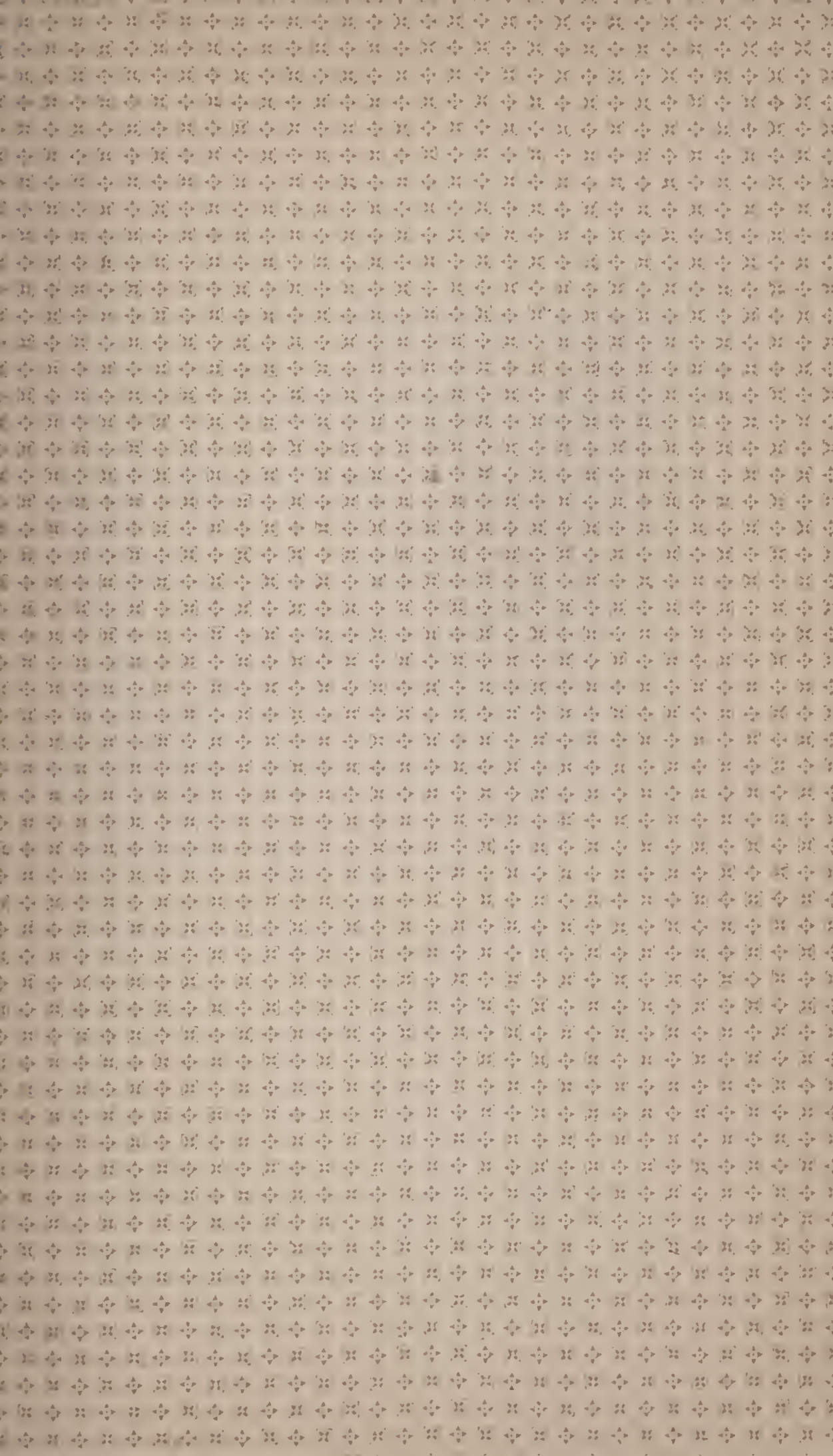
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THE

POWER OF BEAUTY.

BY THE

REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

Library of Congress

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## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

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IN prosecuting the plan we formed in the beginning, of furnishing the Literary Public of America with economical and elegant editions of all the writings of Mr. Headley, worthy of a place in such a collection, we have thus far issued no volume which has stronger claims on the community than this—no one which will probably enjoy more general and permanent fame.

There is a certain laudable curiosity among all persons, to see how far an author who has won eminence in one field, will sustain himself when he enters another ; particularly in the case of Mr. Headley. After shedding the brilliant light of his genius over the great battle-fields of Europe, and producing sketches of the Illustrious Marshals of Napolcon, which cannot be rivaled in our Litera-

ture, it was a somewhat hazardous experiment, it must be confessed, to roll off the cloud of battle for the sunshine of Beauty and Love. Our readers who remember with what vividness and consummate ability Mr. Headley has made the plume of Murat dance in the smoke of battle, will be delighted to see how easily and gracefully his magical pen glides from scenes of carnage to the couch of beauty and luxuriousness. Feeling that in "Esther or the Power of Beauty," and "Ruth," and Naomi, Mr. Headley has produced the most glowing and impassioned sketches of the enchanting influence of female loveliness, anywhere to be found, we have printed them in a style of elegance worthy of the subject. We have spared no labor or expense in embellishing these most superb sketches in the most elegant style—and well are they worthy of the outlay, for they will hereafter be pointed to as faultless portraits in their way. It would be in vain in the matchless poems of Byron or Moore, in which they have portrayed so many and such enchanting beings, to find one drawn in lines of more bewitching beauty, and even the myriad-minded Dumas has probably surrounded no heroine of his



thousand romances with the charm of such melting voluptuousness as Mr. Headley has here drawn some of the beautiful Women of the Bible.

We need hardly say that none of our readers can possibly take any exceptions to these sketches on account of their moral tone. In the first place Esther and Ruth are Bible subjects, and they are from the pen of the Rev. Joel Tyler Headley, who has long been one of the brightest ornaments in the church, distinguished alike for the great purity of his private character and for his warm zeal in the cause of religion; surely nothing could come from his pen that was not eminently calculated to make all men and women wiser and better.

Besides, we should state that the sketches Esther and Ruth originally appeared in the "New York Observer," which has long been known as the organ of Mr. Headley's church, and probably the purest, most high toned Evangelical and Religious Journal in the world. It always was perfectly free from everything objectionable, but it has of late maintained, if possible, a still higher tone of moral purity. This can be accounted for in part, no doubt, by attributing it to the influence of a certain

well-known Christian gentleman, no less celebrated for the coruscations of his genius and great literary acumen, than for the ardor of his personal piety, and who is said to have the paper virtually under his sole control.

It is a great comfort to the friends of Religion, and above all to the peculiar advocates of the Presbyterian church, that it numbers such men in its communion, and that they have so perfectly pure and unobjectionable an organ as the New York Observer. Long may they all live to honor the cause of virtue and piety, which they seem to cherish so near their hearts.

With these few words of introduction, we send the Rev. Mr. Headley's "Love Paintings" out to the world, trusting that they will be read with unmingled delight and profit.







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# THE POWER OF BEAUTY ;

OR,

## QUEEN ESTHER.

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It is a little singular that the words GOD or PROVIDENCE are not mentioned in the whole book of Esther. The writer seems studiously to have avoided any reference to them, as if he did not wish to recognize the interposition of Heaven in any of the events that transpired ; while his *narrative* is evidently designed to teach nothing else. The hand of

Providence is everywhere seen managing the whole scheme.

Ahasuerus, king over a hundred and twenty-seven provinces, and prosperous to the extent of his vast ambition, made a grand exhibition of his wealth to his subjects, which lasted six months. At the end of this time, he gave a feast to continue a week. The court of the garden of his palace was paved with the choicest marbles, black, red, blue, and white. From this costly floor, pillars of polished marble arose, supporting a gorgeous canopy; while all around were the richest hangings, upheld by cords and rings of silver.



Beneath this magnificent drapery, were spread couches, covered only with gold and silver cloths. In the midst the table was laid—groaning under a weight of gold—every goblet being of solid gold, and each differing from the other in its form and elaborate workmanship. The queen had a similar feast in her apartments for the women, and all was mirth and festivity. At the end of the week, however, when the dissipation had reached its height, the king being merry and uxorious from his long and deep libations, sent for his wife to come and show herself to his guests,

that he might praise her beauty. Knowing the state her husband was in, and also the shocks her delicacy would receive in the interview, she refused to go. The king was just drunk enough to be dignified, and hence regarded this refusal as a mortal offence. He asked the wise men about him, what should be done in such an extraordinary case. Much wiser than if they had been sober, they one after another expressed proper horror at the monstrous act, and stroking their long beards and looking grave and sage, told him that it was a matter that concerned not only him, but hus-

bands the world over; for if such a thing should be passed by in silence, all authority over their wives would end—in short, it would be a sort of moral earthquake. Poor Vashti had not the least idea she was creating such a revolution in human affairs: however, she was unqueened at once, and the catastrophe of husbands being ruled by their wives, postponed if not averted.

When the king, however, came out of his dissipation, he began to pine for his beautiful wife. His favorites no sooner perceived this, than they set on foot a plan to wean him en-

tirely from her. They knew her restoration would be the signal of their disgrace and banishment—so all the beautiful virgins of that vast realm were brought before him, from whom, after a trial which does as much honor to the morals, as to the wisdom of those sages, he was to select one as a wife. Among these was Hadassah, a Hebrew maiden whose parents were dead, and who had been reared by her cousin Mordecai, one of the prisoners carried away, when the king of Babylon took and sacked Jerusalem.

The character of Esther is here exhibited at the outset; for when



she went into the presence of the king, for his inspection, instead of asking for gifts as allowed by him, and as the others did, she took only what the chamberlain gave her.

Of exquisite form and faultless features, her rare beauty at once captivated the king, and he made her his wife. Following the advice of her cousin, she had never told him her lineage, and the enthralled monarch forgot his former queen.

Mordecai always reminds one of Hamlet. Of a noble heart, grand intellect, and unwavering integrity, there was nevertheless an air of severity about him—a haughty, un-

bending spirit; which with his high sense of honor, and scorn of meanness, would prompt him to lead an isolated life. I have sometimes thought that even he had not been able to resist the fascinations of his young and beautiful cousin, and that the effort to conceal his feelings had given a greater severity to his manner than he naturally possessed. Too noble, however, to sacrifice such a beautiful being by uniting her fate with his own, when a throne was offered her; or perceiving that the lovely and gentle being he had seen ripen into faultless womanhood, could never return his love—indeed could

cherish no feeling but that of a fond daughter, he crushed by his strong will his fruitless passion. In no other way can I account for the life he led, lingering forever around the palace gates, where now and then he might get a glimpse of her who had been the light of his soul, the one bright bird which had cheered his exile's home. That home he wished no longer to see, and day after day he took his old station at the gates of Shushan, and looked upon the magnificent walls that divided him from all that had made life desirable. It seems, also, as if some latent fear that Haman, the

favorite of the king—younger than his master and of vast ambition—might attempt to exert too great an influence over his cousin, must have prompted him to treat the latter with disrespect, and refuse him that homage which was his due. No reason is given for the hostility he manifested, and which he must have known would end in his own destruction. Whenever Haman with his retinue came from the palace, all paid him the reverence due to the king's favorite, but Mordecai, who sat like a statue, not even turning his head to notice him. He acted like one tired of life, and at length

succeeded in arousing the deadly hostility of the haughty minister. The latter, however, scorning to be revenged on *one* man, and he a person of low birth, persuaded the king to decree the slaughter of all the Jews in his realm. The news fell like a thunderbolt on Mordecai. Sullen, proud, and indifferent to his own fate, he had defied his enemy to do his worst; but such a savage vengeance had never entered his mind. It was too late, however, to regret his behavior. Right or wrong, he had been the cause of the bloody sentence, and he roused himself to avert the awful catastrophe. With



rent garments, and sackcloth on his head, he travelled the city with a loud and bitter cry, and his voice rang even over the walls of the palace, in tones that startled its slumbering inmates. It was told to Esther, and she ordered garments to be given him; but he refused to receive them, and sent back a copy of the king's decree, respecting the massacre of the Jews, and bade her go in, and supplicate him to remit the sentence. She replied that it was certain death to enter the king's presence unbidden, unless he chose to hold out his sceptre; and that for a whole month he had not requested

to see her. Her stern cousin, however, unmoved by the danger to herself, and thinking only of his people, replied haughtily that she might do as she chose—if she preferred to save herself, delivery would come to the Jews from some other quarter, but she should die.

From this moment the character of Esther unfolds itself. It was only a passing weakness that prompted her to put in a word for her own life, and she at once arose to the dignity of a martyr. The blood of the proud and heroic Mordecai flowed in her veins, and she said, “Go, tell my cousin to assemble all the Jews

in Shushan, and fast three days and three nights, neither eating nor drinking; I and my maidens will do the same, and on the third day I will go before the king, and *if I perish, I perish.*" Noble and brave heart! death—a violent death is terrible, but thou art equal to it!

There, in that magnificent apartment, filled with perfume—and where the softened light, stealing through the gorgeous windows by day, and shed from golden lamps by night on marble columns and golden-covered couches, makes a scene of enchantment—behold Esther, with her royal apparel thrown aside, kneeling on

the tessellated floor. There she has been two days and nights, neither eating nor drinking, while hunger, and thirst, and mental agony, have made fearful inroads on her beauty. Her cheeks are sunken and haggard, her large and lustrous eyes dim with weeping, and her lips parched and dry, yet ever moving in inward prayer. Mental and physical suffering have crushed her young heart within her, and now the hour of her destiny is approaching. Ah! who can tell the desperate effort it required to prepare for that terrible interview? Never before did it become her to look so fascinating as

then ; and removing with tremulous anxiety the traces of her suffering, she decked herself in the most becoming apparel she could select. Her long black tresses were never before so carefully braided over her polished forehead, and never before did she put forth such an effort to enhance every charm, and make her beauty irresistible to the king. At length fully arrayed, and looking more like a goddess dropped from the clouds, than a being of clay, she stole tremblingly towards the king's chamber. Stopping a moment at the threshold to swallow down the choking sensation that almost



suffocated her, and to gather her failing strength, she passed slowly into the room, while her maidens stood breathless without, listening, and waiting with the intensest anxiety the issue. Hearing a slight rustling, the king, with a sudden frown, looked up to see who was so sick of life as to dare to come unbidden in his presence, and lo! Esther stood speechless before him. Her long fastings and watchings had taken the color from her cheeks, but had given a greater transparency in its place, and as she stood, half shrinking, with the shadow of profound melancholy on her pallid, but inde-

scribably beautiful countenance—her pencilled brow slightly contracted in the intensity of her excitement—her long lashes dripping in tears, and her lips trembling with agitation; she was—though silent—in herself an appeal that a heart of stone could not resist. The monarch gazed long and silently on her, as she stood waiting her doom. Shall she die? No; the golden sceptre slowly rises and points to her. The beautiful intruder is welcome, and sinks like a snow-wreath at his feet. Never before did the monarch gaze on such transcendent loveliness; and spell-bound and conquered by it, he said

in a gentle voice: "What wilt thou, queen Esther? What is thy request?—it shall be granted thee, even to the *half of my kingdom!*"

Woman-like, she did not wish to risk the influence she had thus suddenly gained, by asking the destruction of his favorite, and the reversion of his unalterable decree, and so she prayed only that he and Haman might banquet with her the next day. She had thrown her fetters over him, and was determined to fascinate him still more deeply before she ventured on so bold a movement. At the banquet he again asked her what she desired, for he well

knew it was no ordinary matter that had induced her to peril her life by entering, unbidden, his presence.

She invited him to a second feast, and at that to a third. But the night previous to the last, the king could not sleep, and after tossing awhile on his troubled couch, he called for the record of the court, and there found that Mordecai had a short time before informed him, through the queen, of an attempt to assassinate him, and no reward been bestowed. The next day, therefore, he made Haman perform the humiliating office of leading his enemy in triumph through the streets, pro-

claiming before him, "This is the man whom the king delighteth to honor." As he passed by the gallows he had the day before erected for that very man, a shudder crept through his frame, and the first omen of coming evil cast its shadow on his spirit.

The way was now clear to Esther, and so the next day, at the banquet, as the king repeated his former offer, she, reclining on the couch, her chiselled form and ravishing beauty inflaming the ardent monarch with love and desire, said, in pleading accents, "I ask, O king, for *my life*, and that of my people.



If we had all been sold as bondmen and bondwomen, I had held my tongue, great as the evil would have been to thee." The king started, as if stung by an adder, and with a brow dark as wrath, and a voice that sent Haman to his feet, exclaimed: "*Thy life!* my queen? *Who* is he? *where* is he that dare even think such a thought in his heart? He who strikes at thy life, radiant creature, plants his presumptuous blow in his monarch's bosom." "*That man,*" said the lovely pleader, "*is the wicked Haman.*" Darting one look of vengeance on the petrified favorite, he strode forth into the

garden to control his boiling passions. Haman saw at once that his only hope now was, in moving the sympathies of the queen in his behalf; and approaching her, he began to plead most piteously for his life. In his agony he fell on the couch where she lay, and while in this position, the king returned. "What!" he exclaimed, "will he violate the queen here in my own palace!" Nothing more was said: no order was given. The look and voice of terrible wrath in which this was said were sufficient. The attendants simply spread a cloth over Haman's face, and not a word was spoken.

Those who came in, when they saw the covered countenance, knew the import. It was the sentence of death. The vaulting favorite himself dare not remove it—he must *die*, and the quicker the agony is over, the better. In a few hours he was swinging on the gallows he had erected for Mordecai.

After this, the queen's power was supreme—everything she asked was granted. To please her, he let his palace flow in the blood of five hundred of his subjects, whom the Jews slew in self-defence. For her he hung Haman's ten sons on the gallows where the father had suf-

ferred before them. For her he made Mordecai prime minister, and lavished boundless favors on the hitherto oppressed Hebrews. And right worthy was she of all he did for her. Lovely in character as she was in person, her sudden elevation did not make her vain, nor her power haughty. The same gentle, pure, and noble creature when queen, as when living in the lowly habitation of her cousin—generous, disinterested, and ready to die for others, she is one of the loveliest characters furnished in the annals of history.









C Staal

J Banister

RUTH.

## R U T H.

---

THERE seems no reason why the Book of Ruth should have been written, except to show the lineage of David. It is simply a sweet pastoral, a truthful tale, embodying the finest sentiments, and placing before us, in attractive colors, a young, lovely, and beautiful woman. It is a chapter in domestic life, told with charming simplicity, and awakening in the reader feelings of the

purest and noblest kind. To one who reads the Bible in course, it comes like a sudden yet sweet surprise. The sterner feelings of his nature have been roused by the turbulent scenes of the Book of Judges. Fierce battles, private murders, and terrific slaughters, have followed each other in rapid succession. One of the last scenes that he dwelt upon was the violent death of an unchaste woman, whose dismembered body was sent in bleeding fragments throughout the land, like the fiery cross of Scotland, to call men to arms, followed by the slaughter of a hundred thousand men, whose

corpses strewed the fields—the whole closed by the forcible seizure of women for wives, like the rape of the Sabines.

From such a succession of horrors, the reader comes upon the simple and gentle story of Ruth, like one who emerges from an Alpine gorge, black with thunder-clouds, and filled with the roar of mad torrents, upon a little green pasturage, slumbering in the embrace of the hills, along whose quiet surface herds lazily recline or slowly wander, while the tinkling of bells mingling with the murmur of the streamlet, charms the soul into



pleasure, seeming, from the very contrast, doubly sweet.

No novelist has ever been able, with his utmost efforts, to paint so lovely, so perfect a character as this simple story presents. From first to last, Ruth appears before us endowed with every virtue and charm that render a woman attractive. Naomi's husband was a man of wealth, and left Bethlehem to escape the famine that was wasting the land. In Moab he found plenty; and there, with his wife and two sons, who married Ruth and Orpah, lived awhile and died. In the course of ten years, the two sons

died also, and then Naomi, broken-hearted, desolate, and poor, resolved to return and die in her native land. How touching her last interview with her daughters-in-law, when she bade them farewell, and prayed that, as they had been kind to her and her dead sons, so might the Lord be kind to them. Surprised that they refused to leave her, she reasoned with them, saying that she was a widow and childless, and to go with her was to seek poverty and exile in a strange land. She could offer them no home, and perhaps the Jewish young men would scorn their foreign birth, and when

she died, none would be left to care for them or protect them. There they had parents, brothers, and friends, who loved them and would protect them. On the one hand were rank in society and comfort, on the other disgrace and poverty. Orpah felt the force of this language, and turned back; but Ruth, still clinging to her, Naomi declared that it was the act of folly and madness to follow the fortunes of one for whom no bright future was in store, no hope this side the grave. She sought only to see the place of her childhood once more, and then lie down where the palm-trees of her

native land might cast their shadows over her place of rest. "Go back," said she, "with thy sister-in-law." She might as well have spoken to the rock—that gentle being by her side, all shrinking timidity and modesty, whose tender feelings the slightest breath could agitate, was immovable in her affections. Her eye would sink abashed before the bold look of impertinence, but with her bosom pressed on one she loved, she could look on death in its grimmest forms unappalled. Fragile as the bending willow, she seemed, but in her true love, firm as the rooted oak. The hand of violence

might crush, but never loosen her gentle clasp. With those white arms around her mother's neck, and her breast heaving convulsively, she sobbed forth, "*Entreat me not to leave thee*, for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried—*naught but death shall part us.*"

Beautiful and brave heart! home, and friends, and wealth, nay, the gods she had been taught to worship, were all forgotten in the warmth of her affection. Tearful



yet firm, "Entreat me not to leave thee," she said: "I care not for the future; I can bear the worst; and when thou art taken from me, I will linger around thy grave till I die, and then the stranger shall lay me by thy side!" What could Naomi do but fold the beautiful being to her bosom and be silent, except as tears gave utterance to her emotions. Such a heart outweighs the treasures of the world, and such absorbing love, truth, and virtue, make all the accomplishments of life appear worthless in comparison.

The two unprotected women took their journey on foot towards Beth-

lehem. It was in the latter part of the summer, and as they wandered along the roads, and through the fields of Palestine, Ruth, by a thousand winning ways, endeavored to cheer her mother. Naomi was leaving behind her the graves of those she loved, and, penniless and desolate, returning to the place which she had left with a husband and two manly sons, and loaded with wealth, and hence a cloud hung upon her spirit. Yet in spite of her grief, she was often compelled to smile through her tears, and struggled to be cheerful, so as not to sadden the heart of the unselfish,

innocent being by her side. And at fervid noon, when they sat down beneath the shadowy palm to take their frugal meal, Ruth hastened to the neighboring rill for a cooling draught of water for her mother, and plucked the sweetest flowers to comfort her.

Thus, day after day, they traveled on, until at length, one evening, just as the glorious sun of Asia was stooping to the western horizon, the towers of Bethlehem arose in sight. Suddenly a thousand tender associations, all that she had possessed and all that she had lost, the past and the present, rushed over

her broken spirit, and she knelt and prayed, and wept. "Call me not," said she to the friends of her early days, who accosted her as she passed through the gates, "Call me not Naomi, or the pleasant, but Mara, *bitter*, for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me."

Here again Ruth's character shone forth in its loveliness. She was not one of those all sentiment and no principle; in whom devotion is mere romance, and self-sacrifice expends itself in poetic expressions. Though accustomed to wealth, and all the attention and respect of a lady of rank, she stooped to the service of a

menial in order to support her mother. With common hirelings she entered the fields as a gleaner, and without a murmur trained her delicate hands to the rough usage of a day-laborer. At night, her hard earnings were poured with a smile into the lap of her mother; and living wholly in her world of love, was unmindful of everything else. Boaz saw her amid the gleaners, and struck with her modest bearing and beauty, inquired who she was. On being told, he accosted her kindly, saying that he had heard of her virtues, her devotion to her mother, and her self-sacrifices, and invited



her that day to dine at the common table. With her long dark locks falling in ringlets over her neck and shoulders, and her cheek crimson with her recent exertions and the excitement at finding herself opposite the rich landlord, in whose fields she had been gleaning, and who helped her at table as his guest, sat the impersonation of beauty and loveliness. That Boaz was fascinated by her charms, as well as by her character, was evident. He had watched her deportment, and saw how she shunned the companionship of the young men who sought her acquaintance, and of

whose attentions her fellow-gleaners would have been proud. Nothing was too humble, if it ministered to her mother's comfort; but beyond that, she condescended to nothing that was inconsistent with her birth. Whether abashed by his looks and embarrassed by his attentions, or from her native delicacy of character, she arose from the table before the rest had finished, and retired. After she had left, Boaz told the young men to let her take from the sheaves without rebuke, and then, as if suddenly recollecting how different she was from the other gleaners, and that every sheaf was as

safe where she trod as it would have been in his own granary, he bade them drop handfulls by the way, which she, wondering at their carelessness, gathered up. At sunset, she beat it out and carried it to her mother. Naomi, surprised at the quantity, questioned her closely as to where she had gleaned, and when Ruth told her the history of the day, the fond mother divined the whole. Her noble and lovely Ruth had touched the heart of one of her wealthy kinsmen, and she waited the issue.

The long conversations they held together, and the struggles of

the beautiful Moabite, before she could bring herself to obey her mother and lie down at the feet of Boaz, thus claiming his protection and love, are not recorded. Custom made it proper and right, but we venture to say that Ruth never passed a more uncomfortable night than that. Her modesty and delicacy must have kept her young heart in a state of agitation that almost mocked her self-control. The silent appeal, however, was felt by her rich relative, and he made her his wife. The devotion to her helpless mother—her self-humiliation in performing the office of a menial—the

long summer of wasting toil—the many heart-aches caused by the rough shocks she was compelled, from her very position, to receive, at length met with their reward. Toiling through the sultry day, and beating out her hard earning at night, the only enjoyment she had known was the consciousness that by her exertions Naomi lived. It had been difficult, when weary and depressed, to give a cheerful tone to her voice, so as not to sadden her anxious mother-in-law; but still the latter saw that the task she had voluntarily assumed was too great, and therefore, at length, claim-

ed from Boaz the obligations of a kinsman. Love, however, was stronger than those claims, and he took Ruth to his bosom with the strong affection of a generous and noble man. She thus arose at once to the rank for which she was fitted; and in time the beautiful gleaner of the fields of Bethlehem became the great-grandmother of the King of Israel.







## ALFIERI.

---

ALFIERI was a great favorite with Lord Byron, and his tragedies were one of the four books the English bard always kept on his table. And their characters presented many points of likeness. Both were born to rank—both possessed wealth and personal accomplishments—yet both gloried chiefly in their mental endowments, and were prouder as poets than as noblemen. Both were

fiery and impetuous creatures, scorning restraint, defying their own age, trampling on the critics that could not understand them, and building for themselves a fame in spite of the prevailing taste and literature of their times. Both were restless beings, scouring the world to rid themselves of the uncontrollable passions that raged within. Both were gloomy and excitable in youth, and even in boyhood exhibited those strange extremes of feeling which so often mastered them in maturer years. But though their characters present such strong points of resemblance, yet in many things they were to-

tally unlike. And what is stranger still, the moment the resemblance ceases, Alfieri becomes more like an Englishman, and Byron more like an Italian. Alfieri was a more earnest, sincere man, than Byron. He had more strength of character, more firmness and steadiness of will, and a bolder heart. His impetuosity was not passion, but the steady action of a most vehement nature. Byron's paroxysms of anger were splendid poetry, terrible to look upon, but harmless as the dagger strokes of Macbeth on the boards of a théâtre; Alfieri's were fearful facts, and his own life and the lives of others were

forgotten in them. Byron was always *acting*, and studied effect in everything he did; Alfieri *never*. The former was often reckless, sometimes desperate, but not steadily brave; the latter scarcely knew the sensation of fear. One *wished* to be thought brave, and endeavored to act as he imagined a hero should act; the other gave himself no thought on the subject, but when bravest, seemed to think he was doing nothing more than any man would do in similar circumstances. Byron wished to be thought proud and solitary as Lara, or Conrad, or Childe Harold; Alfieri, on the con-

trary, was so proud and solitary, that he was too much occupied with his own feelings to care what others thought about it. Thus we find Byron making a whole tragedy about the threats of a miserable lazaroni; writing to half a dozen different friends of the same wonderful event, telling how he dressed, what arms he wore, and how he bore himself through it all. And yet, with all his vamping and romance, it leaks out that he and some three or four others were barricaded for some time in their house by this miserable wretch, whose terrible threats ended after all in the pitiful syco-



phancy of an Italian beggar. Alfieri, on the contrary, goes out alone in the night, and encounters an enraged husband, where the chances are that he would be killed, and, with a sword-cut on his arm, returns to his friends, concealing both the reckless adventure and the pain under which he suffered. Byron is a misanthrope, who is ever telling us how weary he is of life, and yet very careful never to rid himself of his burthen. Alfieri scarcely speaks of his recklessness of life, except in explanation of his rash yet ineffectual attempts to take his own. Byron was gloomy because he would analyze his own

feelings—scornful because he was perfectly conscious that half the world were fools, and quite a proportion of the other half villains—and savagely defiant because he found himself in the midst of moral mysteries and contradictions he could not solve, and yet which held him fast and forced him irresistibly on. Alfieri was gloomy from the same cause, as deeply poetic natures always must be; while his scorn arose from seeing one-half of mankind degraded, sycophantic slaves, and the other half ignorant, feeble-minded tyrants, and his defiance was towards man alone, not God. The former

was penurious, and yet succeeded in making half the world believe he was generous and prodigal to a fault; the other records with shame the only two instances in which avarice had any control over him. Byron, when in Genoa, by unpardonable importunity, prevailed on Lady Blessington to sell him a favorite horse she had brought into Italy for her own use; and then refused to give her the price (the *least* that *could* be named) she paid in England. Alfieri, on the contrary, was constantly giving away his fine blood-horses, and often to those who were mere acquaintances, and scarcely

thanked him for the gift. The former loaned money to the Greeks to aid them in their struggle for freedom, but took good care to have ample security for the debt; while the latter gave away for ever his entire fortune, reserving to himself only a moderate income, that he might be personally free from all allegiance to the petty tyrant of Piedmont.

Both were men of great mental power, and of volcanic passions, yet the Italian was a downright sincere man. He raged over the world, intent only on getting rid of himself, and thinking of scarcely anything else at the time. The Englishman

did the same thing, but resolved the while the world should know all about it. One was hurried on—lashed by his fierce passions as with whip of scorpion, and finding no vent to his feelings save in stifled curses; the other went proudly into voluntary exile, yet making rhymes all the time, to let the men he despised know how much after all he thought about them.

Such were these two strange beings, and such their points of resemblance and difference; and in thus contrasting them together, we think we have given the best outline of Alfieri's character. He was so silent

on his own affairs, that we should have known little of him but for his autobiography, found among his papers after his death. It is seldom that a proud and passionate man leaves us a plain and simple history of himself, both mentally and outwardly as he has done. To coolly and faithfully record his own follies and disgraces, and draw the knife across his own nerves, in laying bare his deepest mortifications when he was under no obligation to do it, shows an amount of sincerity that should cover a multitude of sins. Had Byron thus exposed all the secret motives that prompted him ;



laid bare the miserable trickery to which he often resorted, and torn away the mask he always wore, many of his poems would draw tears of laughter rather than tears of sorrow.

Alfieri, according to his own account, was born in Asti, Piedmont, on the 17th of January, 1749, "of noble, opulent, and respectable parents." Of feeble health and passionate temperament, we find in his childhood the germ of his after melancholy and recklessness. When he was but seven years of age, he attempted, in a fit of despondency, to destroy himself. At ten, we find

him at the Academy in Turin, laying the foundations, as he termed it, of his "no education." Though not tortured with a club-foot like Lord Byron, he was afflicted with what seemed equally bad—dreadful eruptions, which drew on him the most disgusting nicknames, and drove him into solitude, and fed with bitter food his already growing melancholy. At the age of thirteen, he was allowed to go to the opera, where his strangely sensitive and passionate nature felt, for the first time, the full power of music. The tones that ravished his ear and heart struck the finest chord of his being, which

kept vibrating on to the harmonies within, so that for weeks he wandered around buried in a profound, yet pleasing melancholy. In this dreamy state, the fancies of the poet crowded thick and fast on his vision, but finding no language in which to speak out these new emotions that struggled for utterance, he sought relief in solitude. Though weak in body, and violent in his feelings, yet so great was his candor and love of truth, that he escaped those quarrels to which boys of his temperament are liable. Yet even at the age of fifteen, he exhibited the indomitable nature of his will, and his

unconquerable resolution in bearing confinement for months, rather than yield to what he considered an unjust demand. At seventeen, he entered as ensign in the provincial army, and soon after commenced his roving life, which lasted for nine years. Having by degrees got rid of his "curator" and everything but his faithful servant Elia, he passed through the south of Italy, staying at the different cities, according as the mood was on him. Having finally determined to visit the more northern countries of Europe, and finding the allowance furnished him not equal to the expenditures he an-

anticipated, he suddenly became exceedingly parsimonious, denying himself all places of public amusement, and even withholding from his servant his just dues. Attempting to go from Rome to Venice by vettura, instead of post, to save expense, he became so exasperated by the slow progress he made, that he forgot his avarice, paid his vetturino, took post, and became a free man again. Disgusted with Paris, he went over to London, to which he seemed to take a sudden fancy. But after awhile becoming tired of the heartless assemblies, and suppers, and banquets, he turned coach-

man, driving his friend up to the doors of places of amusement, and showing his skill in bringing his carriage out safely from the jam that blocked up the entrance. All winter long he rode on horseback four or five hours in the morning, and sat on the coach-box two or three in the evening, without regard to weather or temperature. From England he went to Holland, and at the Hague first fell seriously in love. True to his Italian origin, the object of his passion was a married woman—the young bride of the Portuguese ambassador to Holland. This affection was returned, and Alfieri



felt for the first time the full strength and power of his passions. Lapped in this first dream of love, he gave way to its intoxicating power, and was lifted for awhile into the third heaven of happiness. But the guilty dream had its waking, and he was forced to separate from his mistress for ever. She departed for Switzerland to join her husband, and he gave himself up to despair. Feigning sickness, to escape the society of his friends, he sent for a surgeon, and requested to be bled. A vein was opened, and after a slight blood-letting, the arm was bandaged, and Alfieri left alone. Struck down by

the violence of his grief, he determined to die, and tearing off his bandages, he re-opened the vein with the design of bleeding himself to death. A little longer, and it would have been over with him, but his faithful servant, Elia, who had seen the desperation of his master, kept a constant watch on him; and entered the room just in time to save him. Thus, at twenty years of age, he found his first great sorrow,- and burdened down with a gloom that shadowed all his future, he turned his steps homeward. He had scarcely arrived at Turin, before he set about with the energy of an

unconquerable will to shake off his settled melancholy. But what could he do? Full of passion, sentiment, fire and intellect, he undoubtedly was, but ignorant as a peasant. In this crisis of his life and feelings, Plutarch's *Lives* fell into his hand, and he fed his youthful imagination on Timoleon, Cæsar, Brutus, Pelopidas, Cato and others, till fired with their high patriotism, or lofty achievements, he would spring to his feet, and rave round his room like a madman, weeping and cursing the day he was born in Piedmont.

About this time his friends wishing him to become a diplomatist,

prevailed on him to offer himself to a lady of wealth and influence, thinking such an alliance would aid his prospects in obtaining a situation. Fortunately for him she rejected his proposal, and happy in his deliverance he started again on his travels, and visited Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Holland and England. The restless feeling within him found not even momentary relief except in motion. It would not allow him to stop long in any place, but spurred him on from one new scene to another, and sometimes well nigh out of existence. A second love intrigue in London,

the termination of which, we should think, might have cured him for ever of unlawful passion, kindled into a blaze all the exciting elements of his nature. We find him, from mere desperation, spurring his horse over a high fence, and though in the fall that followed the mad attempt, he dislocated his shoulder and broke his collar-bone, yet so raging were his passions that he was wholly unconscious of the injury, and remounting his horse, forced him to the same leap again. This is Saturday evening; yet Sunday evening he is in his carriage driving to the villa of his mistress, nay walking two miles

on foot with one arm in a sling and the other holding a drawn sword, in order to keep an appointment with her. But all the passions that had heretofore scourged him were calm emotions compared to his maniac fury and rage, on learning that this worthless woman, whom he loved with such absorbing passion, had given him but the second place in her favor—the first being reserved for her husband's *groom*. Guilty as his love had been, he had resolved to marry her the moment she was free from her husband. But now all the fury of a fiend was roused in him. He raved and



tore and screamed, a prey to the consciousness of wasted affection, mortified pride, merited degradation and a merciless conscience.

Broken down in spirit, the ferocity of the man gave way for awhile to settled melancholy, and he commenced again his travels. Spain alone remained to be seen, and he turned his restless footsteps thither. But change of scenery could no longer charm him. He visited Madrid without becoming acquainted with a single being there but an artist and a watchmaker. Here occurred one of those outbreaks of passion which so often

proved nearly fatal to himself and others. His servant Elia, in dressing his hair, accidentally pulled one of his curls a little too strongly. Alfieri sprung upon him like a tiger, and inflicted a ghastly wound on his head. The enraged servant fell on his master to kill him, and would have done it but for the interposition of others. After the quarrel was over, Alfieri told Elia he would have been perfectly right to have killed him, and though the servant's anger was not wholly cleared up, went to bed, leaving the door open between their rooms. After he had been in bed some time he called

out to Elia, bidding him come and kill him, for he was now defenceless, and he richly merited death. Such was this man, carrying a volcano in his bosom, yet, in his sane moments, just and true.

At length, at twenty-three years of age, we find him again bending his footsteps homeward. Satiated with travelling, disgusted with everything, and more than all with himself, he endeavored to compose himself at Turin. A third love entanglement, more disgraceful and longer continued than the others, transformed him for awhile into a half brute. A severe illness brought on by his

miserable life, dispelled this dream, and he awoke to more serious thought. Soon after, his mistress was also taken ill, and watching by her side, he commenced, without purpose or plan, and solely to occupy the silent hours, his first tragedy. It was a miserable thing enough, but it awoke a new passion within him, and he felt at once that he had found a full vent to the fires that were consuming him, VIZ.: VERSE. He resolved on a new life, and the first thing was, to break the guilty chain that had degraded him. After days and weeks of torture and suffering, compelling his servant to tie

him down in his chair that his wavering resolution might not carry him back to his low bondage, he finally conquered. From this moment the history of Alfieri begins to brighten. He celebrated his victory in a sonnet, the first he ever wrote. It is full of feeling, and is entitled "Primo Sonetto." It commences,

"Ho vinto alfin si non m'inganno, ho vinto  
Speuta è la flamma che vorace ardeva."

Which has been translated—

"I've conquered at last, if I do not deceive me,  
And spent is the flame which burned up my heart;  
I've broken the fetters of iron which gave thee  
The power of a demon—I've rent them apart.

"Ere I loved thee, base one, I knew that the fire  
That burned on thine altar was passion's fierce  
flame;  
I swore I would quench it, I sware on my lyre,  
But thy conquest still lives in my deep blush of  
shame.

“It still burns on my cheek — while the tears are still falling,

And torments still tear me—no ray from above  
Breaks in to dispel this gloom so appalling,  
Which broods o’er the soul of the victim of love.

“But these tears shall be dried — the daylight shall gleam,

And who shall deride me when once I am free,  
Or tell me that virtue is only a dream?  
Be it so—it’s the only bright dream for me.”

The fierce struggle was at last ended and a new life opened on the poet. The passion, the melancholy, the indomitable will, even in things wrong, had shown that he was no ordinary man. The disgust with everything that satisfies most men, proved him to be worthy and capable of better things. He seized the Lyre, and though its strings made at first strange discords under his



fierce strokes, yet he loved the power of its tone and prepared at once and for ever to unburden the feelings that had lashed him over the world. At this time, he was unable to read the Italian poets, so ignorant was he of the Italian language. The miserable *patois* of Piedmont had become changed for French, and he wrote his first two tragedies, *Il Felippo* and *Il Polenice*, in French prose. But he immediately set about learning his own language, and the better to prosecute his studies retired for two months to the *mountains* of Piedmont. Thus, at the age of twenty-six, he first commenced his

studies. The same energy, the same vehemence which had characterized all his actions, was carried into his studies. Fierce and sudden both in his conceptions and his compositions, yet he was patient under criticism, and did not disdain to receive instructions from the humblest. His failures were constant, but he arose from each with fresh determination. He was compelled first to *master* a language, and then *mould* it—to *learn* it, and then teach his countrymen its great power. The history of his trials, his toil, and success, is among the most interesting of literary biographies. Thus he went on for eight

years, gaining laurels even from his defeats, and showing to the world the inherent greatness he possessed. At length a third and last passion enslaved him for ever. At Florence, while prosecuting his literary pursuits, he became acquainted with the Countess of Albany, the wife of the last Stuart that made pretensions to the throne of England; and became irrevocably attached to her. Not to dwell upon the moral character of this *liaison*, we will only say, that her husband was a brutal drunkard, who had long ago destroyed all her affection for him, and that the connection between her and Al-

fieri, like that of husband and wife, lasted till death. His forced separation from her, till she was released from her husband, interrupted for awhile his literary pursuits, and brought back those strange paroxysms of feeling that had so blasted his early life.

About this time, weary with the restraints his own government placed on his actions, and resolved to be free at any sacrifice, he gave his entire property to a married sister, and reserving to himself a certain income, took up his residence in Florence. Prompted to this act by his hatred of tyranny and love of

letters, it threw him more entirely upon his own genius, and his genius triumphed. He went on composing, till nineteen tragedies and six comedies were completed, to say nothing of his sonnets and satires. His love of liberty increased with his love of letters, and the revolutionary sentiments he uttered brought on him the displeasure of the Pope, and the jealous watchfulness of the petty tyrants of Italy. But secure in the freer state of Tuscany, he learned to scorn alike the worthless criticism of his time, and the vengeance of despots. After having mastered perfectly his own literature, and gone

back to the Latin classics, he at length, at the age of forty-seven, commenced the study of the Greek. But his frame, strengthened though it had been by hardship and exposures, could not always endure the exhausting demands his tempestuous spirit and incessant toil made upon it; and at the age of fifty-six, after a short illness, he closed his career, and was buried in Santa Croce, that receptacle of the mighty dead. Over his remains the Countess of Albany has placed a beautiful statue made by Canova.

The *moral* character of Alfieri we will not discuss. It is difficult



to "judge righteous judgment" of an Italian, and such an one as Alfieri was. With a better education, and under higher influences in his childhood, he would have been a very different man. But as he was—guilty of many crimes—we have no doubt he conquered more evil passions, resisted more temptation, and came off victor in more moral struggles than the majority of those who condemn him. A man's moral worth is not to be graduated by his negative virtues—the evil he merely refrains from doing—but by the amount of temptation he overcomes. He is not to be judged by his de-

feats alone, but also by his victories. Many a man passes through life without a spot on his character, who, notwithstanding, never struggled so bravely as he who fell and was disgraced. The latter may have called to his aid more principle, overcome more evil, before he yielded, than the former, either from circumstances or his physical constitution, was ever called to do. It would be as unnatural, it would require as great an effort for the cold, phlegmatic and passionless being to be vehement, wild and headlong, as for the fiery and tempestuous man to be quiet and emotionless. *Victory* is

nothing. It depends upon the nature of the conflict and the odds overcome. Greater generalship, cooler bravery and loftier effort may be shown in one defeat than in a hundred victories. We have no patience with those moralists of mere animal organization, who place the finest wrought spirits God ever let visit the earth on their iron bedstead, and stretch and clip according to the simple rule of long-measure. A higher and juster standard is needed. Such a passionate and highly strung nature as Alfieri's can be no more understood by the dealer in stocks and real estate, or the dull

plodder in the routine of his daily duties, than the highest paroxysm of the poet can be comprehended by his dog.

We wished to speak of the separate works of Alfieri, but the length which this article has already reached forbids it. We will only say that Italian tragedy underwent an entire revolution by his works. The palmy days which the scholar saw who lived in the 16th century, had passed away in the 17th, and an effeminate literature, fit only for courts, had taken its place. Mimics of Spanish and French levities, amateurs and farce makers,

occupied the Italian stage. Goldoni had scourged this degenerate taste with his keen satire, but not killed it. Martelli, who exchanged Greek and Roman verse for French—Maffei who succeeded him, and Antonio Conti, who came last, had all accomplished but little. The high and commanding power of Alfieri's genius was needed to arouse the degenerate Italians. The grand and the terrible, which entered so largely into his composition, swept away as with a tornado the whole race of mimics, sonnet makers and courtier poets. The Italians crowded to the theatres, no longer to be

pleased by fooleries, but stirred with lofty sentiments. Strong and fearful in his conceptions, he wielded the soft Italian with the energy and force of our stern Saxon tongue. Stirred in his inmost heart with love of liberty and hatred of farces and mockeries, he spoke to the nation's soul till it caught fire, and the petty despots of Italy trembled for their thrones.

Darkness has again settled on Italy, and the pulse that bounded in momentary freedom is once more chained up and perhaps for ever. Alfieri, great as he was, mistook, if not his own mission, at least the



mode of accomplishing it. For a long while unconscious of the power that was in him, he roamed the world a restless and gloomy man. He knew of no way to pour out the thoughts and feelings that were consuming him. The frenzy of love, the excitements of passion, all failed to reach the profoundest depths of his nature. He struck the lyre, and its tones were to him a voice by which he could give utterance to that within him. He had not only the soul of a poet but the spirit of a reformer. His heart was an altar on which burned, not only the fire of passion, but the purer flame of

freedom. He scorned the effeminacy and slavishness of his countrymen, and he spoke to them like a prophet. But, alas! he should have known that the *stage* is not the Tribune from which to harangue the people. Not in the theatre do republican principles take root and flourish. Action generated there is irregular and fitful. He should have been the *nation's bard*, and spoken to the heart of the people in plain, earnest language. Not through the Greek or Roman patriot should the accents of freedom have come, but from Alfieri to Alfieri's countrymen. Then would he have breathed into the

mass the breath of life, and not only maddened but redeemed his people.

The narrow, doubtful influence of the stage was not that which Alfieri should have wielded. His great and sincere heart should have accomplished more. He might have become an oracle, and his words been the language of the common people. If the scorn of tyranny and the love of freedom, poured forth with such terrible impetuosity in the "*Tirannide*," alone had been spent in popular songs or earnest appeals to the people, he would have accomplished more than in all his

tragedies. Who cares for patriotism on the stage? It ceases to be truth there, and is all *acting*. The quiver of an *earnest* lip, the tear of an *honest* eye, and the fire of a stern and free soul, are needed to generate action. The truth is, Alfieri commenced wrong, and subsided away into the dramatist. He reformed the Italian stage, and has ever since occupied it—and this is about all he has done.

To judge him merely as a scholar, he deserves the highest praise; but to judge him as a *man* and scholar combined, we say he did not *do* the great things the world had a

right to expect from his great intellect. His style is accused of harshness; and justly, if it is compared with the mellifluous flow of Italian verse; but it is the harshness of strong feeling. When thoughts are wrenched out of a man's soul in the fever of excitement, they are not usually clothed in the most euphonious language. Indeed, we believe strong-minded, passionate men always think in the Saxon form, and never in Italian, Latin or French. Tacitus' Latin is Saxon in style, and so is Demosthenes' Greek and Bonaparte's French. There is a directness, simplicity and conciseness

in strong and vehement thought common to all nations. This very asperity in Alfieri pleases us. His words are blows, and they have that which is far better than euphony, *power*. Like Byron, Alfieri read the Bible a great deal. The lofty poetry of the prophet and the stern, magnificent style of the Hebrew, harmonized with his feelings. Its earnestness and independence, nay, almost haughtiness, compared with his own nature. He thought stronger and felt deeper than the rest of his countrymen, and hence necessarily spoke in a different language. It is always so; and the



man who thus speaks and thinks is first condemned as an innovator, and then exalted as the founder of a new school.\*

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\* The materials of this sketch were drawn from the translation of Alfieri's Autobiography, by C. Edwards Lester, Esq., and his able Essay on the Italian Drama and the Genius of Alfieri, prefixed to Mr. Lester's Translation. Mr. Headley omitted to mention, also, that the polished translation of Alfieri's first Sonnet was done by Mr. Lester, who has probably devoted more attention to the cultivation of Italian literature than any other American scholar.

## BEAUTY.

---

"OH what a pure and sacred thing  
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight  
Of the gross world, illumining  
One only mansion with her light!  
Unseen by man's disturbing eye—  
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,  
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
Hid in more chaste obscurity.  
So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,  
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.  
And oh, what transport for a lover  
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—  
Like those who, all at once, discover  
In the lone deep some fairy shore,  
Where mortal never trod before,

And sleep and wake in scented airs  
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,  
On summer-eves, through YEMEN's dales,  
And bright the glancing looks they hide  
Behind their litters' roseate veils—  
And brides, as delicate and fair  
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,  
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,  
Who, lulled in cool kiosk or bower,  
Before their mirrors count the time,  
And grow still lovelier every hour.  
But never yet hath bride or maid  
In ARABY's gay Haram smiled,  
Whose boasted brightness would not fade  
Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless  
An infant's dream, yet not the less  
Rich in all woman's loveliness—  
With eyes so pure, that from their ray  
Dark Vice would turn abashed away,

Blinded like serpents, when they gaze  
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze ;  
Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires.  
Mingling the meek and vestal fires  
Of other worlds with all the bliss,  
The fond, weak tenderness of this :  
A soul, too, more than half divine,  
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,  
Religion's soften'd glories shine,  
Like light through summer foliage stealing,  
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,  
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,  
As makes the very darkness there  
More beautifu' than light elsewhere."

\* \* \* \* \*



## BEAUTY.

" One who would change the worship of all climates,  
And make a new religion where'er she comes.  
Unite the differing faiths of all the world,  
To idolize her face."

" Ha, my fair priestess! thou, whose smile  
Hath inspiration in its rosy beam  
Beyond the Enthusiast's hope or Prophet's dream;  
Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal  
So close with love's, men know not which they feel,  
Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,  
The heav'n thou preachest or the heav'n thou art!  
What should I be without thee? without thee  
How dull were power, how joyless victory!  
Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine  
Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.  
But—why so mournful, child? those eyes, that shone  
All life last night—what!—is their glory gone?  
Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,  
They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail  
Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,  
From light's own fount supplies of brilliancy.

Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,  
But the pure waters of that upper sphere,  
Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,  
Catching the gem's bright color, as they go.  
Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns—  
Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns;  
'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—  
Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:  
There is a youth—why start?—thou sawest him then;  
Look'd he not boldly? such the godlike men  
Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above—  
Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,  
Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss  
The world calls virtue—we must conquer this;  
Nay, shrink not, pretty sage! 'tis not for thee  
To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery:  
The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield  
Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.  
This very night I mean to try the art  
Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.  
All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,  
Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,



Shall tempt the boy—young MIRZALA'S blue eyes,  
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies :  
ABOUYA'S cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,  
And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,  
Have magic in their pressure ; ZEBBA'S lute,  
And LILLA'S dancing feet, that gleam and shoot  
Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep—  
All shall combine their witching powers to steep  
My convert's spirit in that softening trance,  
From which to heav'n is but the next advance—  
That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,  
On which Religion stamps her image best.  
But hear me, Priestess !—though each nymph of these  
Hath some peculiar, practis'd power to please,  
Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,  
First charms herself, then all the world beside :  
There still wants *one*, to make the victory sure,  
One who in every look joins every lure ;  
Through whom all beauty's beams concenter'd pass,  
Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning glass ;  
Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,  
Whose words, e'en when unmeaning, are ador'd,

Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,  
Which our faith takes for granted are divine !  
Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,  
To crown the rich temptations of to-night :  
Such the refin'd enchantress that must be  
'This hero's vanquisher—and thou art she !'

\* \* \* \* \*



## BEAUTY.

"SHE was a form of life and light,  
 That, seen, became a part of sight;  
 And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,  
 The morning star of memory."

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

"Such was Zuleika! such around her shone  
 The nameless charms unmarked by her alone:  
 The light of love, the purity of grace,  
 The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—  
 And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!"

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

"Lo! when the buds expand the leaves are green,  
 Then the first opening of the flower is seen;  
 Then come the honied breath and rosy smile,  
 That with their sweets the willing sense beguile:  
 But as we look, and love, and taste, and praise,  
 And the fruit grows, the charming flower decays;  
 Till all is gathered, and the wintry blast  
 Moans o'er the place of love and pleasure past.

So 'tis with beauty—such the opening grace  
And dawn of glory in the youthful face;  
Then are the charms unfolded to the sight,  
Then all is loveliness and all delight;  
The nuptial tie succeeds, and genial hour,  
And, lo! the falling off of beauty's flower.  
So through all nature is the progress made—  
The bud, the bloom, the fruit—and then we fade.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“As rising on its purple wing  
The insect queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmere,  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower,  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye;  
So beauty lures the full-grown child  
With hue as bright and wing as wild;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.”

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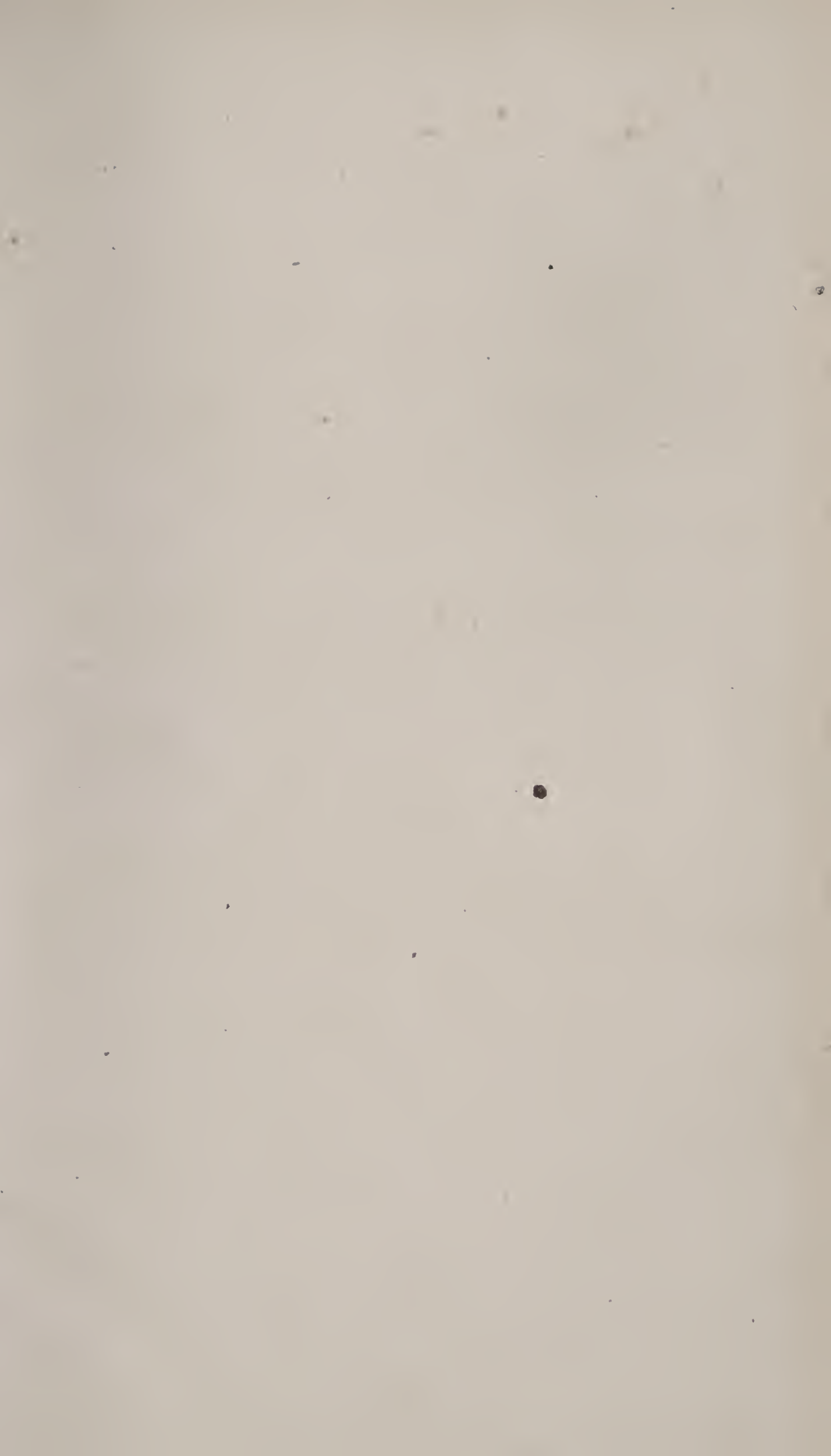
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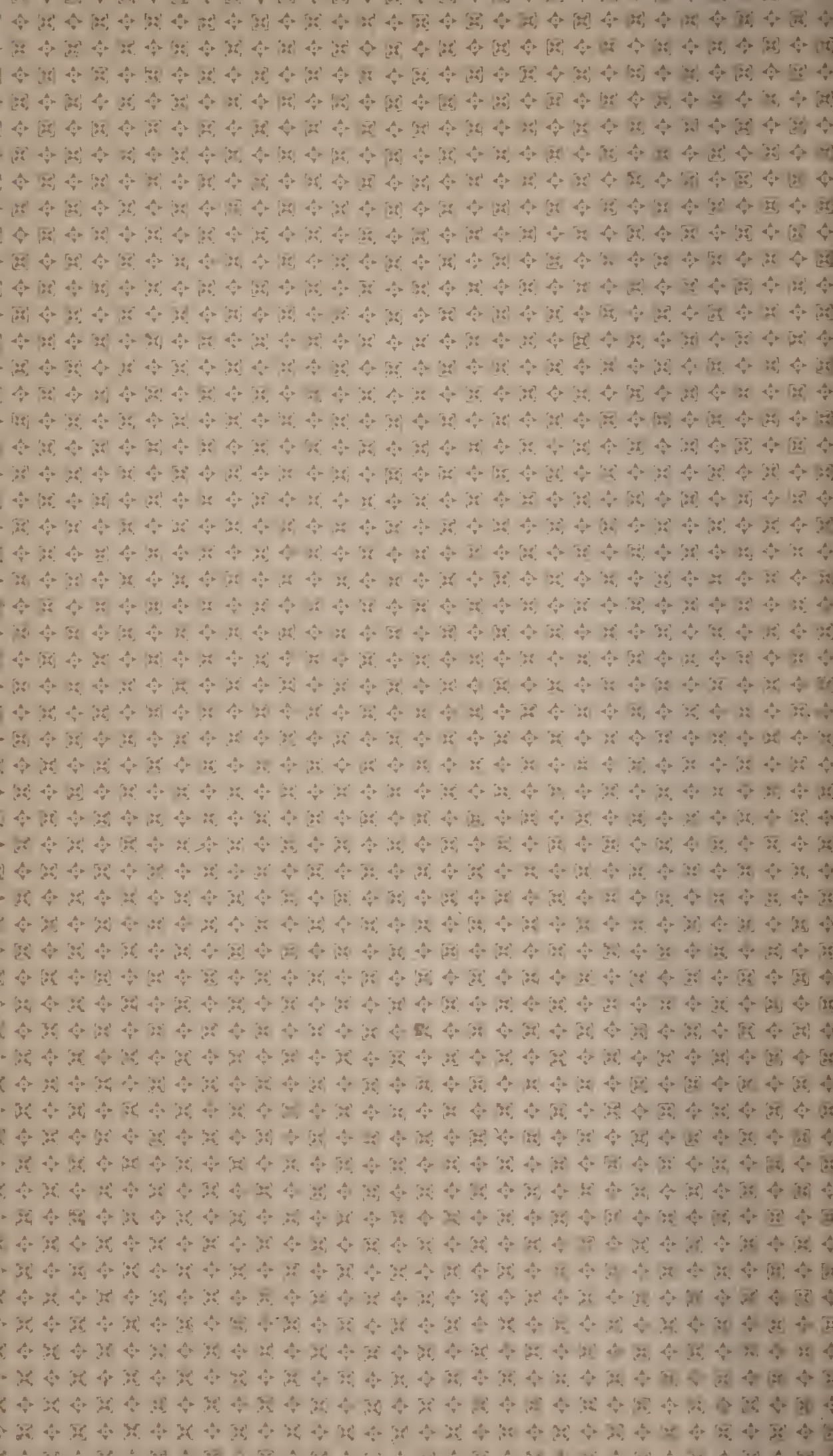
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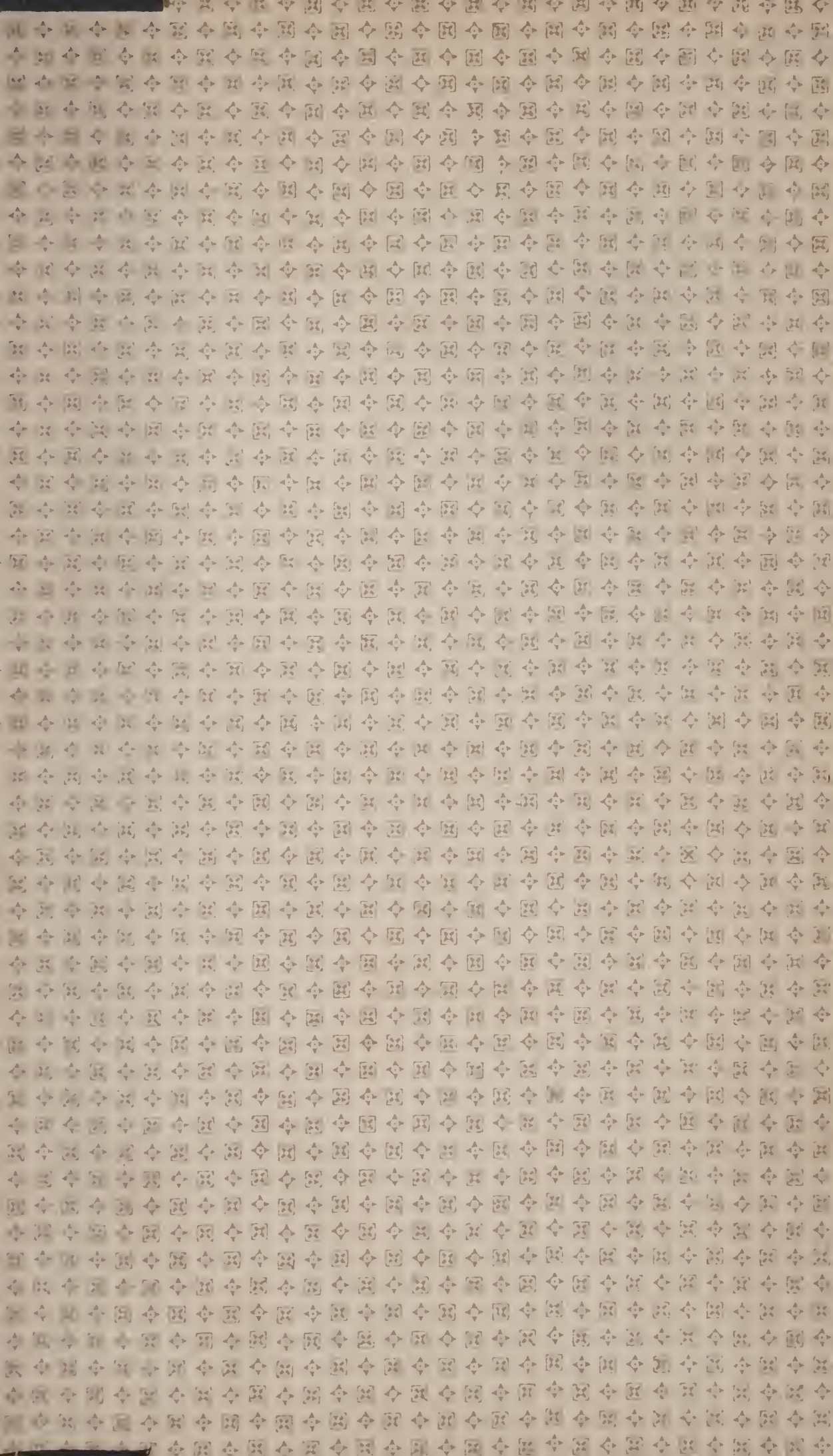














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